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DR. THOMAS MILLER AND HIS TIMES.

By Virginia Miller.

Read before the Society, May 1, 1899.

Although a perfect novice at such work as this, it gives me great pleasure to comply with the request made of me, to tell you something of Washington as it was many years ago, and the houses and people with whom I have been familiar, either through the accounts of others or actual personal knowledge. I have always felt as if I had known our city from its very beginning, so vivid were the impressions made by those among whom I was born and brought up. My mother's father, General Walter Jones, was appointed United States Attorney for the District by Mr. Jefferson in 1802, and on his marriage in 1808 with the daughter of Judge Charles Lee he made his permanent home in Washington, and here my mother was born in 1809.

My father's father, Major Thomas Ray Miller, also came to Washington from Virginia with his family early in the century, having been appointed Chief Clerk in the Navy Department by Mr. Monroe. This position he filled until his death in 1834.

The families of my two grandfathers were closely identified with the old families of the District, and men who ruled the nation and influenced its life to the very core were intimate personal friends, and their sayings and doings household words. You may judge, therefore, my love for my native city and pride in everything that is connected with its welfare and its history. My actual remembrance of Washington begins with our home

on the north side of E street, two doors from the corner of Fourteenth street, where I was born and lived until the spring after Mr. Buchanan's inauguration, when we moved to 246 F street (the number of the house has since been changed to 1331). Our house on E street was a commodious, old-fashioned, three-story, brick house, with garret and cellar and large back building, with servants' quarters, stables, etc., in the rear, and a very large garden, where my father delighted to cultivate rare roses, fine varieties of grapes and apricots, and where there were also great beds of lilies of the valley.

I must pause a few moments to introduce you to my father, Dr. Thomas Miller, for he was the center round whom all our thoughts revolved, and he was so closely identified with the people and history of Washington that it would be impossible to omit him from any true account. He was a magnificent looking man, 6 feet 2 inches in height, straight as an arrow, and graceful and easy in manner, with the old-fashioned Virginia courtliness. He had a skin and complexion so soft and fine anybody might have been proud of it, with very large blue eyes and very dark brown hair. His voice was sweet and musical in the extreme, and his whole character and bearing were marked by extreme earnestness and perfect sincerity and truthfulness, and by unswerving devotion to duty. There were few who came in contact with him who did not love him. While speaking of his appearance, I must tell you that at the request of Leutze, the artist, he stood for General Washington in Leutze's painting of Valley Forge. Washington's clothes fitted him exactly, with the exception of the shoes.

When Major Miller settled in Washington, he lived at a place called "Santorama," near "Kalorama,"

somewhere about the head of Twenty-first or Twenty-second street. Father was just recovering from a most serious attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which crippled him and for a time made it impossible for him to get about without the aid of crutches. In spite of this disadvantage, he walked every day to Gonzaga College, on the north side of F street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, where he continued the classical education already begun at Bowling Green Academy in Virginia. It was a rough country walk, through dense woods and over streams and marshy grounds.

Gonzaga College adjoined old St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, which stood midway of the square bounded by F and G, Ninth and Tenth streets. The buildings stood on an embankment high above the street, and you had to ascend quite a flight of steps to reach the church door. The priest in charge, Rev. Father Matthews, had his little house on the same lot, connected with the church by a covered way. He had a very fine garden of vegetables and flowers, which he, with the country tastes of so many old Washingtonians, was fond of cultivating, and many sick and poor were furnished with herbs and delicacies he had raised. Father Matthews was a most benevolent man, and one of great influence. He it was who started the Catholic Orphan Asylum at Tenth and G streets. He belonged to an old aristocratic Maryland family, and was greatly beloved. I remember as a small child being taken to see him after his death, as he lay in his priestly robes in the little parlor of his residence.

After completing his course of study at Gonzaga, my father began the study of medicine, studying chemistry and pharmacy practically with a druggist as a preparation. He studied medicine with both Dr. Cutbush and Dr. Henry Hunt, finally going to Philadel-

phia, where he graduated with much distinction in 1829, at the age of twenty-three. He then began the practice of his profession in Washington. It was not long before he became well known, for when the scourge of Asiatic cholera visited Washington in 1832, he was one of the most active and devoted in the services he rendered. He was one of the physicians of the Cholera Hospital, which was located on the southeast corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Eleventh street. He proved himself so ready and efficient that he stepped at once to the front rank of the profession he loved so well, and many of the families whom he first numbered among his patients at this time continued to employ him for the forty-one years which followed.

Mr. William J. Stone, sr., and Judge William Anderson were among these lifelong patients. In 1833 he married the daughter of General Walter Jones and settled in what was known as the second ward, for the city was divided into wards in those days. Some years of his early married life were spent with Mrs. Thornton, widow of Dr. William Thornton, first Commissioner of Patents, in the old house on F street, which Dr. Miller afterward purchased from Mrs. Thornton. Desiring to have a home of their own, Dr. Miller purchased with the first money earned by his profession the home on E street to which I have referred, and there he lived until, as I said before, the spring of Mr. Buchanan's inauguration. His was a very busy life, but he made time, in spite of his devotion to his profession, to keep up his studies to the day of his death, to be interested and very active as a good citizen in the welfare of his city and its government.

He served as Alderman for the second ward in the Municipal Councils and was for years President of the Board of Health. When, in 1859, his work became so

heavy, he felt he must resign the position of Professor of Anatomy at the Columbia Medical College, which position he had filled for twenty years, the faculty, in the letter expressing their regret, call him "the Nestor of the profession in the District," and urge his acceptance of the position of Emeritus Professor. We had not many very near neighbors on E street, but we were not very far from them, and as Pennsylvania avenue was the fashionable promenade every evening from about half-past three to six o'clock for all the beaux and belles, and indeed for everybody in Washington, we had daily opportunities of seeing and having frequent social calls from friends and acquaintances. That evening promenade was a beautiful sight, there were so many beautiful women and army and navy officers in the throng. The Government offices closed then at three o'clock, and those employed in them (there were no ladies employed in offices then) had time to enjoy their evening stroll.

The custom was for two or three friends to start out together, and before reaching the Capitol they had met various other groups, and had divided and subdivided their forces and in this way exchanged greetings and had a stroll with many different parties; then each one would take a friend or two home for a sociable tea, dinner having in most instances been disposed of earlier in the day, as very few people dined later than half-past three. Among those I remember seeing pass by each day were Mr. Madison Cutts and his beautiful daughter, Captain George Magruder and his daughters, Mr. Wm. T. Carroll and his daughters, Mr. Campbell and his daughters, Mr. Chubb and his two little girls, one on each side, Mr. William B. Lee, the Ramsays, Commodore Maury, General Scott, looking very state-ly; the Watsons, the seven Miss McKeanes, Mr. Charles

Sherman, Dr. Mercer, Mr. Winder, Captain Henry Lewis, and many others whose names I cannot begin to write down.

Pennsylvania avenue was the great shopping street in those days, though the shops were few and far between. People seem to have been more inclined to literary pursuits than to decorating themselves, as the bookstores rather outnumbered the dry goods stores. The four bookstores from which we purchased our supplies of books and periodicals were Morrison's and Frank Taylor's, both between Four-and-a-half and Sixth streets; Hudson Taylor's, near Ninth, and Robert Farnham's, corner Eleventh and Pennsylvania avenue. Harper's and Perry's were the dry goods stores, and on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue, near Thirteenth, was a little shop which will be well remembered by old Washingtonians; it was Madame Delarue's. Here the most beautiful laces, ribbons and flowers and imported bonnets and gloves attracted the ladies of the day. Gautier's confectionery was a well-known shop also. It stood where now the Evening Star has its quarters, and was patronized by young and old. We had for neighbors on the east side Mrs. Wainwright and her family, on the west side Major Hobbie, Assistant Postmaster General, and his family, and at the northeast corner of Fourteenth street was a large drug store, kept by Dr. McClery, who married one of Major Hobbie's daughters.

General George Gibson was generally to be seen sitting in front of this store, either leaning with both hands on his long gold-headed cane, or whittling a piece of wood with his knife, while he talked to the friends who gathered to see him. He was a simple-hearted old-fashioned soldier, and everybody loved him. He was devoted to my father, and on his death-

bed in 1862 had his portrait painted as a keepsake for father. Mr. John C. Rives' family lived in a big house on E street, near the National Theater. Professor Henry and his family and Mr. Bell, of Tennessee (so well known as a Presidential candidate), lived on the east side of Fourteenth, between E and F streets. After Mrs. Wainwright moved, her house was occupied by Dr. Humphreys, a well-known dentist. On one occasion we children were charmed to see General Tom Thumb's coach, said to have been given him by Queen Victoria, drive up to Dr. Humphreys' door, with coachman and footman in splendid liveries, cocked hats, etc. It had come to bring the poor little fellow to have a tooth drawn, and he was carried into the dentist's in some one's arms with a red silk handkerchief thrown over his head.

Directly across the Avenue from us was a very large livery stable—I don't know whose, but think it was the Nailors'. It was the scene of a terrible fire one night when I was a child, and I never can forget the sounds and sights. I then learned how difficult it was to rescue a horse from a burning building. A great many valuable horses were burned, and next day large numbers of those who had been injured were taken away to be shot. The flames shot up in great columns, and the sparks were carried for squares away, causing great fear of other fires. I do not remember being frightened at all, greatly, I suppose, because I heard some one say our house was safe, as it had a slate roof. People from squares around flocked to our house to see the fire.

The old Franklin Engine House stood on the southeast corner of Fourteenth and E streets, and we were always interested in seeing the fire engines turn out and be pulled along by a long rope drawn by the fire-

men, who wore red jackets and black helmets. There used to be a great many Indians in Washington when I was a child. I suppose they came to sign treaties. They lodged at Marr's Hotel, southeast corner Thirteen-and-a-half and E streets. My father attended a number of them, and once, at my earnest solicitation, he took me over to the hotel to see them. It was something to have seen them filling the great bare rooms, the squaws with their pappooses sitting on the floors, and the braves standing about. It was no uncommon thing to hear the Indian war-whoops on the streets. Sometimes the warriors were made very angry by boys on the streets whooping and shouting after them. They were frequent visitors at Dr. McClery's drug store, and we saw them very often. Once two blanketed and highly decorated chiefs walked into our parlor and seated themselves with evident enjoyment before the big open fire. Our front door was seldom locked, so it was an easy matter for them to walk in.

Another of the sights in Washington in those days were the chimney sweeps, diminutive little negroes who were hired out to clean the soot which accumulated from the wood fires. The sweeps went about wrapped in very sooty blankets and wearing caps, carrying their brushes in their hands, and they had a peculiar cry to call the attention of those needing their services. Many were the horrible stories with which our nurses entertained us of the poor little fellows getting stuck in narrow chimneys and crooked flues and smothered. Another fire which made a great impression on me was that of the National Theater.

We were all sent when little tots to dancing school, as well as to day school. Mr. Labbe was the dancing master to whom we were sent. He was an old French

refugee and lived on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, near Fifteenth street. He had some beautiful dancers among his pupils, and we used to try in vain to equal some of the grown pupils in walking on the tips of our toes. He was very strict and particular about the manners and carriage of his scholars, and he had wooden stocks for them to stand in to learn how to stand correctly. He played his fiddle himself, and when, as frequently happened, some mischievous girl would turn her toes in and not out, whack! would come the fiddle bow as an admonisher. We all were sent to school very young, and I went to Madame Burr's school, on the south side of New York avenue, near Thirteenth street, from the time I was six until I was sixteen. It was the best school I have ever known. The pupils were members of the best families in the city, and every attention was paid to their deportment as well as their studies. We studied everything in French as well as English, and were thoroughly drilled in reading, geography, spelling and arithmetic, in both languages, and though the pupils turned out might not have been as proficient in all the "ologies" as latter day school girls are, I do not believe better educated girls could be found than Mrs. Burr's pupils. She had graduated at Madame Chegary's famous school in New York, and used much the same methods. The honor system prevailed among the girls, and there were none of the mean, underhand tricks played by the scholars on each other that we hear of elsewhere.

I look back with greatest pleasure on the years spent at this school and the friendships formed there. My father's patients embraced all classes and conditions, but his notable patients were among Cabinet officers, diplomats, old army and navy officers and old citizens. When President William Henry Harrison, in conse-

quence of the fatigues attending his campaign and inauguration, was taken ill, he refused to have any physician called in except "Young Miller," to whom he had taken a great fancy. It was a great compliment, but at the same time a fearful responsibility for a young practitioner, and my father so felt it. As soon as he saw the President he felt it was an almost hopeless case, but determined to do his best, and he insisted, against the will of his patient, on calling in his old and lifelong friend, Dr. J. C. Hall and also Drs. J. F. May and Worthington, in consultation, hoping they might suggest something he had overlooked, but it was all in vain.

General Harrison's family were most grateful and appreciative of Dr. Miller's devotion and efforts for his relief, and they presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane as an expression of their gratitude. General Harrison's successor, Mr. Tyler, had Dr. John Thomas for his physician, but my father was the physician called in when needed by all the other occupants of the White House until Mr. Lincoln became President, when Dr. Robert King Stone was called in. I do not think there was much sickness in the White House except with Mr. Knox Walker's family and Mrs. Fillmore and Mrs. Pierce, and of course General Taylor. After General Harrison's death my father made a special study of pneumonia and became most successful in its treatment.

Mr. Pierce was a frequent visitor at our house. He used to step in when taking a morning walk for a little chat, and every now and then he would send a great bowl of flowers from the White House to my mother. One of the interesting happenings at home on E street was the marriage of Miss Annie Payne, Mrs. Madison's niece, to whom my parents had offered a home after

Mrs. Madison's death. While with us she met and married Dr. J. C. Causten, one of my father's favorite pupils. The wedding took place in our parlor, Rev. Dr. Pyne, of St. John's Church, officiating. My grandfather, General Jones, as Mrs. Madison's friend and legal adviser, gave the bride away. I have the note in which Miss Payne asked him to add this to the many kindnesses rendered her aunt and herself. Miss Adele Cutts was bridesmaid, and we children thought her the most beautiful of mortals. My father held my sister and me, one on each shoulder, to enable us to see the ceremony. Mr. Clay was one of the guests that evening, and my mother was much amused at my admiration of his voice, thinking me very precocious to notice it.

The house on F street which my father bought from Mrs. Thornton was a very old one. It was built in 1793 by Samuel Blodgett, and became the property of Dr. William Thornton, one of the noted men of that day, a most cultivated and agreeable man, a friend of Washington, and the first Commissioner of Patents. After his death his widow and her mother lived in the old house until Mrs. Thornton sold it to Dr. Miller. It was a very substantially built house, perfectly plain and unpretentious in appearance, with large old-fashioned rooms, and had a large garden at the side and back. Dr. Miller leased it successively to Secretaries Conrad, John M. Clayton, Buchanan, and Stephen A. Douglas. When Mr. Guthrie was made Secretary of the Treasury he leased the property, but desiring to do much entertaining, he wanted more room, so my father built a house on the adjoining lot, making connections with the old house, but arranging it so that it could be converted into a separate dwelling when necessary. When Mr. Guthrie retired from his position, Dr. Miller took possession of the old house and leased the new one to Senator Robert Toombs, of Georgia.

F street was a very gay street in those days, so many families lived there. Dr. Stone's house was at the northeast corner of Fourteenth and F, and east of it came two small shops, one of them occupied by an old woman who kept birds, etc., for sale. She had a beautiful macaw, the first one I ever saw. It attracted a good deal of attention. One day it flew away, and I can see it now, with its gay plumage, sailing slowly through the air, to the distress of its owner. Next these shops were the Adams houses. These had at one time been two houses, one occupied by Commodore Patterson, of the Navy, and the other by General Walter Jones, but at the time I speak of Mrs. Mary Adams and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Johnson, and their children occupied both houses. They were used during the war of 1861-1865 by the United States Sanitary Commission, and we saw many sick and wounded brought there for relief. Afterward Mr. C. C. Willard bought the property and arranged it as it stands to-day, for office purposes.

Next to the Adams building came our home, 1331 F street, and few houses can have seen more life in all its phases than this one. Soon after we occupied it my father, who was prominently connected with the Medical Conventions held in different cities, being on many of their most important committees, especially those connected with the health of cities, with quarantine regulations, etc., entertained the Medical Convention, which met that year in Washington, and more than 500 doctors from a distance were present. In this connection I must speak of the intense interest my father took in hospital work. He was one of the physicians to Providence Hospital and at Columbia Hospital, was instrumental in establishing the Children's Hospital and St. Elizabeth's Asylum for the Insane, and for years

worked most indefatigably in establishing the Washington Infirmary, which stood where now the Pension Building is. When the Infirmary was burned during the war an immense quantity of valuable material belonging to him was destroyed. Dr. Miller was physician to the jail for many years.

Our home was regarded as headquarters for Southern people during the war, and at one time it was placed under strict surveillance, a mounted guard being on duty in front of it. Dr. Miller was informed by the Provost Marshal that for eighteen months every word spoken in the house had been reported to him. In spite of all this guarding, a good deal of aid and comfort was conveyed to our suffering friends in the South. After the war Generals Lee, Beauregard, Magruder, Longstreet, Mosby and others were entertained here, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis spent several weeks under its roof, while her husband was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. But I must not linger, but tell you as well as I can of the other houses on F street.

Mr. Toombs lived in 1329 F (or 248 F street as it then was), and of course kept a typical Southern home, with numbers of his servants from Georgia around. Lord Napier's little boys were always much attracted by these negroes, and used to ask if they were genuine African negroes. Alexander H. Stephens almost lived at Mr. Toombs'. The latter's only daughter was married while they lived there, and it was a regular Southern wedding party. After the Toombs family went South the house was rented for a boarding house. General Sickles was brought to it wounded from Gettysburg. I have often seen Mr. Lincoln ride up on horseback, surrounded by his body guard, dismount and go in to see General Sickles.

In the house which has been supplanted by the build-

ing No. 1327 F street, an old Irish lady, Mrs. Cecheau, and her two daughters, Miss Anna Maria Cecheau and Mrs. Eglantine Coke, kept a fashionable boarding house. Mr. and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor and their family lived there, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Sanddidge, of Louisiana. One of Mrs. Sanddidge's sons took the part of "Ike" to Mrs. C. C. Clay's "Mrs. Partington" at Mrs. Gwin's fancy ball. They, as well as many others, came to show us their costumes on the way to the ball. The house next Mrs. Cecheau's belonged to Major Clarke, of the Army. It was occupied for many years by Mr. Seward. Next was the home of Mr. King and his family. Then came a large house once occupied by Col. Wm. C. Freeman, afterward the home of Mr. Schoolcraft, the Indian historian, and his wife. He was a great sufferer from rheumatism, and could only move about in a rolling chair. His wife was most devoted to him, and was a very striking and remarkable looking lady, and a great talker. She was very tall and large, with black eyes, swarthy complexion and very heavy black hair, presenting very much the appearance of an Indian, especially as she dressed in very striking colors and styles, with very little taste. She was a South Carolinian by birth, and always resented being thought to resemble an Indian, but the likeness was there.

When Prince Napoleon was in this country in 1861, he was entertained by Mr. Seward, who then lived where now stands the Lafayette Theater. Mr. and Mrs. Schoolcraft were invited, and she, thinking it a compliment to the Indian historian, went. She waited for some time for an introduction to the Prince. Finally Mr. Seward presented her "as a typical Southern woman," without giving her name, to which she replied: "Yes, and the wife of Henry Schoolcraft, the Indian historian." I have heard her tell the story very often.

The next house in the row was occupied by Judah P. Benjamin, and after he left Dr. N. S. Lincoln lived there for many years. John C. Breckinridge and Charles Sumner boarded in the neighborhood. Immediately across the street from us Dr. C. H. Liebermann lived. He was a very interesting character. Next his house to the east was a large wood and coal yard. At the southeast corner of Fourteenth and F streets the Ebbitt House stood in place of the old Forrest Home, and on the southwest corner of Fourteenth and F streets was Col. Kearney's house and grounds. Willard's Hotel now occupies the site. On the east of Fourteenth street, above F, was the home of Jefferson Davis. The house was built and owned by Mr. William J. Stone, sr., who afterward lived and died in it. Mr. Davis was a patient and an intimate friend of my father's. Mrs. Davis' youngest sister, Maggie Howell, was one of our schoolmates.

Mr. Charles James lived in the house, where afterward Mr. Joseph C. Willard lived and died. Mr. James' wife was Miss Holmead, of the Holmead family, to whom so much of the land on which Washington is built belonged.

The southeast corner of Fourteenth and G streets, where Small, the florist, has his store, was occupied by Mr. Jefferson's stable, afterward converted into a school house. On the southwest corner, on a high embankment, stood a cottage nearly hidden by vines, which was occupied by three old ladies—mother and two daughters. The mother was bedridden, and only one of the daughters, Miss Peggy Stuart, was ever seen outside. I went once or twice with my mother to carry some little delicacy to the sick, and I have often since wondered what their history was and what became of them.

There were many odd characters in Washington. One of them was Miss Ann Dermott, who lived on the south side of G street, nearly opposite Epiphany Church. She had inherited a great deal of property, but unfortunately was so deeply involved in law suits that she had no benefit of it, but lived in direst poverty. In spite of her own needs, she made her house an asylum for cats, and at the time of her death about fifty cats were carried from her house in a large coop. You may imagine the sounds.

Another friend who lived on F street was General Thomas Jesup. His home was next the southeast corner of Thirteenth street, where Lansburgh's furniture store now is. It was here that General Harrison breakfasted the morning of his inauguration. Across from General Jesup lived Mr. Dickens and his family. His daughter and my mother were great friends, and when one of them married Capt. Charles McCauley, of the navy, my mother was her bridesmaid. My mother was bridesmaid the same winter to another intimate friend, Miss Marcia Van Ness, niece and adopted daughter of General Van Ness. She married Sir Gore-Ouseley, of the British Legation, and the wedding was long talked of on account of the prominence of all concerned, and of the double marriage ceremony. There were only two bridesmaids, my mother and Miss Kerr, and their groomsmen were Baron Von Stackelburg and Prince Lieben. Our family were Episcopalians, and went to St. John's Church, and occupied a pew near the front of the church. Our neighbors in front were Commodore Aulick's family. Back of us sat General Joseph E. Johnston. Back of him was Commodore Skinner. To our right was Mrs. Bache and her children and grandchildren, the Irwins and Wainwrights; to our left sat old Commodore Joseph Smith. Rev. Dr. Pyne was the rec-

tor. His youngest child, Maggie, was our playmate, and I remember our grief at her death of membranous croup. Mrs. Thornton sat in the pew with us, and one of us always escorted her to and from church.

I should be very remiss were I to omit mentioning one of the noted characters in Washington, who was a welcome guest at the best houses. I mean Mr. Charles King, the artist. He had his studio on the east side of Twelfth street, just below F, where the Columbia Theater now stands. He painted beautiful portraits, most lifelike in expression. He was a very picturesque figure himself, and especially as I remember seeing him once, dressed to impersonate Rembrandt. He, too, was a devoted friend and patient of my father's, and when on his deathbed gave him what he considered his finest painting as a keepsake. Mr. Chase Barney, in his knee breeches and silver shoe buckles was a well known figure. One of the most entertaining of father's friends was Mr. William Bulow Lee. He was born in France while his father was Consul there, and he had seen both Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte. He saw the latter review his troops in Paris, surrounded by his brilliant staff. I asked him once what Napoleon looked like, to which he replied: "I was so much taken up with the magnificent grey horse that I did not pay much attention to the little man who rode him, but remember thinking him, spite of his plain uniform, much more soldierly looking than his much decorated officers." Mr. Lee had seen Josephine at Malmaison. His father and mother visited her every Thursday. He had also seen Hortense Beauharnais, with whom his sisters went to school.

A very striking group rises to my mind as I write of our old family friends. It was formed of General Robert E. Lee, General Montgomery Meigs, and Captain,

afterward General, Richard L. Page, who happened to come in to call at the same time. They were all men of magnificent physique, and in full uniform presented a sight worth seeing. Another of father's friends was Mr. George W. Richards, of Philadelphia. The friendship began when they were eighteen and nineteen years old, Mr. Richards being the junior by one year, and it lasted without interruption for fifty years. Mr. Geo. W. Riggs was another lifelong friend; so were Dr. Faunt Le Roy, Mr. Hagner, General Roger Jones and Major John F. Lee, and Baron Steckl, the Russian Minister, and Mr. W. W. Corcoran and Dr. John B. Blake were also among the number, as well as Dr. James C. Hall.

The latter wrote me long after my father's death: "Life has never been the same for me since your father's death. I miss him every day and hour," and well he might say so, for there never was a day when they were both in town, during their long friendship of more than fifty years, that they did not meet for friendly converse, and it was quite a habit of Dr. Hall's to drop in and take breakfast or tea with us. General Jesup was another warm friend. As an evidence of it, one of my brothers was called for him, Thomas Jesup, having been born on the General's birthday. It is not often one finds so many lifelong friendships kept up in the life of a busy professional man, but my father had the power of drawing others to him and keeping their affection and confidence in a remarkable degree. People felt they could rely on him. Mr. J. Bayard H. Smith was another friend; and Stephen A. Douglas was a very firm friend, and when taken with his last illness in Chicago he insisted on having my father sent for, and he was with him to the end.

When Lord Napier left Washington for another post, the citizens of Washington gave a ball to Lady Napier

and himself. It was given in the large dining room of Willard's Hotel, then just completed. My father escorted Lady Napier into the room, and a day or two after, in writing to say good-bye, she sent him the flowers from her bouquet, beautifully pressed between boards. Dr. Miller was a great favorite with all his young friends, and was nearly always surrounded by them, and he took especial interest in young doctors, trying to help them in their studies and in other ways. Among distinguished English writers whom he knew quite well were Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), Sir Henry Holland, Anthony Trollope and Russell, of the London Times. He was greatly pleased at the title which Russell gave him in his book on America of "The Great Virginia Doctor."

My father was extremely fond of children, and they returned his love with interest. I have often heard him say in all his long practice he had never been able to see a child die, without the deepest sorrow. After his death Madame de Potestad wrote me: "I must tell you of my little girl, just three years old, for whom I was obliged to call in a physician the other day. As soon as she saw him, she burst into tears and absolutely refused to let him touch her, exclaiming, 'I want my own dear Dr. Miller.'" From many hearts that same cry went out among old and young.

The last professional visit he ever made was to a little boy who was named for him, and when he left he promised the mother to make it the first visit next day, but when the next day came he had "rested from his labors." When the Children's Hospital was incorporated, he took the deepest interest in it, partly because of his love for children, but principally because the thought of the hospital was first suggested to him by his young son, Dr. George R. Miller, who died after

practicing his profession for only two years, and he secured for it the interest and help of his influential friends. One of his efforts with regard to it was to organize little bands of helpers among the children he attended, and regularly every week the different ones would come for his contribution to their work. Many of these children, now grown women, have spoken to me about it.

We were very fond of driving with my father when on his rounds, and my sister has often spoken of one occasion when she was with him, of her surprise, while waiting in the carriage, to see him step out on a side porch holding a baby in his arms, and remain there quite a while, and finally take it back to the house fast asleep. When he came out and she asked about it, he said: "Poor little thing, it had cried all day and the mother could not get it quiet, and was perfectly worn out with it, so I took it and hushed it until quiet sleep came." He had pet names for his little favorites, and it is quite amusing in looking over various notes and letters from the mothers of these young people to find them called by these names, as if they belonged to them. Time would fail me to tell you of my father's hard work, the long country rides day and night, in all sorts of weather, and all done in the sunniest of tempers. Some of these country drives were very delightful, as, for instance, out to "Corne Riggs," now Soldiers' Home, Mr. Riggs' country place, or to Mrs. Saunders' and to Dr. John Fairfax's. It was very pleasant to go on bright summer mornings before breakfast, and back before the heat of the day, and we were glad to be his companions, but the long night rides to Giesboro and other bleak places on the river in the depths of winter were very trying. I do not give you a complete picture unless I speak of my father's passionate love of

flowers. I have seen him often in the garden gathering the first lilies with such enjoyment, and he was rarely without some sweet flower pinned to his coat, put there by different patients who knew his fondness for them. John Douglass, the florist, used to watch for him every day as he went to his office, and come out and pin a few flowers on him. One of his patients was telling me only a few days ago how often she thought of him, and this trait in particular, and she then told me of having given him on one occasion a very large bunch of flowers from her garden, and how delighted he was, and then how carefully he untied them, saying he couldn't bear to see flowers with ligatures on them!